

Home Reading.

On the Shore.

The punctual tide draws up the bay,
With ripple of wave and hush of spray,
And the great red flower of the lighthouse
Blossoms on the headland far away.
Petal by petal its fiery rose
Out of the darkness buds and grows;
A dazzling shape on the dim far cape,
A beaming shape as it comes and goes.
A moment of bloom and then it dies
On the windy cape 'twixt the sea and skies,
The fog lingers low to see it go,
And the white waves watch it with cruel eyes.
Then suddenly out of the mist-cloud thin,
As touched and lit by unseen sun,
Again into sight bursts the rose of light
And opens its petals one by one.
Ah, the storm may be wild and the sea be strong
And man be weak and the darkness long;
But while blossoms the flower on the lighthouse
There still is place for a smile and a song.
—Christian Union.

THE DREAMER BY DAYLIGHT.

[FOR THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN.]

As to Queer Things.

If you take a piece of glass and cut it up a little on the faces, behind; you have no longer the clear, uncolored ray, but instead of this the air is filled with many lovely tints. Now this world is full enough of windows-glass people—good, nice, straightforward, transparent souls, who take an idea in on one side and let the idea out on the other without any pretensions to it at all. Then there are other folks who distort and twist the images that they receive, or who dress them up with high colors until wicked and profane wretches call them hard names, for romancing and imagining.
The great advantage in favor of liars is, after all, that they are good conversationalists. That excellent but very sedate gentleman who tells you those unquestioned facts is not by any means so interesting as the other fellow with his brilliant imagery, who never spares the prospect because it includes his neighbor's land. And if you ever noticed it, here's one of the queer things at once, namely, to wit, that temporary lying, like temporary insanity, isn't at all rare. When a man catches a big trout, then, well, he don't name him so much as we used to do—just at his elbow with a patient seal and add about a pound to the weight and three inches to the length of the fish. Can't help it, you see.
Same way, if you did but notice, about being awfully and extraordinarily busy when a book agent comes around with a voluble tongue and a handy word on the religious of the human race. Also, the same way about "forgetting" things—memory being as convenient a pack-horse as any, when you must unload your conscience.
Speaking of book agents—a most fertile subject—the Dreamer had one experience that will never be erased from the tablet of his intellectual consciousness. That's the way we write when we want to fill up space without saying anything. It's a sort of moral aberration, like those we have just mentioned. Well, to continue, the book agent came. For some of them the mind is not a grain of pity. They are professional bullies or soft swarders or confidence men. But others are genuine, and some of them oughtn't to be used like others of them. This one came into no possible class. She was a "tall galant femal" of the Artemus Ward type, and preserve and pickle us!—how she could talk! She evidently had set out to make the week-spined person before her take one of her books. It was a book on France and Belgium, and by and by the Dreamer shook off his dull slough and grew really animated. A woman that could walk right up to a thing and ask it questions; and then put down every item to the remotest and most trivial detail—to say nothing of other adjectives that must be added to *remotest* and *most trivial*—why, that woman was, you know, the sort of woman to write an extraordinary book. So down went his name for two dollars—and the book eventually came to hand; and he has it now and wouldn't part with it.

Such a book! Listen to this: "Mrs. L. is kind enough to tell me how their great washings are. In one window is a bird-cage; and canaries, too, are in our court, and we have music. I stand at my window and rest my note book upon the strong grating, which protects one from falling out when the windows are opened, like folding doors opening in the middle, as so many, if not all, of the Paris windows do." It is a queer book and no mistake, and the photographs of everything "We have bread with the omelet, and after this course, *le potage au feu*, or piece of boiled beef with carrots, probably the same from which the soup was made."
Not so long ago the Dreamer, dawdling in his usual aimless way over to a friend's house, indulged his agreeable talent for description by describing to his friend, who, instantly, without more than a word or so of hint or suggestion, his friend broke out: "I know her. I've seen her. I bought a book of her. Isn't she the most remarkable character you ever met?" Well, to put it mildly, the Dreamer should say yes, she was—and her photographic particularity of detail wasn't the least queer thing about her.
Sometimes, too, the Dreamer thinks that the ray of idea must have struck at the green angle on somebody's brain. For one day he went into a carpet store, and there at the end of the room was an admiring family surrounded by a most amused set of salesmen, who (like the solemn waiting-men at the swell dinners) had hard work to keep their countenances to regulation. The worst and most hideous patterns strewed the floor—rich carpets enough, for money was apparently no object, but perfect nightmares for color and form. The family consisted of a father, a mother, and two daughters, and they were going in rapturous ecstasy from one abomination to the other, each being quite too utterly lovely to be deserted for the next. It was a wonderful sight.
It was almost as wonderful as that walking-signboard on Broadway—poor wretch!—with a red flannel shirt, calico bed-curtain trousers tied at the ankles, and a white hat with a weed on it.
Yes, it was almost as remarkable as the present eminent Attorney-General of these United States when he arrays himself gorgeously and comes forth upon parade—and he is far from being a handsome man, as almost everybody is aware.

Well, we can't have everything to please us—and the best we can do with the queer things that don't suit us is to treat them as a worthy gentleman treated his mother-in-law's letters. He tied them in packages and marked them "Bliss-ers." After a while he moved into another house and lost the file among some furniture which he sold. The new proprietor was shocked to find that his predecessor required to be drawn and quartered so persistently—but when he opened the manuscripts his doubts were at end. The poor fellow had vented his only spite upon the indorsement.
By all means, friend, get the light through your head at a healthy angle. Let it be gloriously true blue or cheerfully warm with that ruddy glow which lights up a winter hearth. This Dreamer would strongly advise you to make the best of things as you find them. He rejoices in the grim humor which prepares a wall-motto marked "What is Home without a Mother-in-law?" and he is made happy by that philosophic inscription which utters its piety in the phrase, "God Bless our Boarding-house!"

[Special Correspondence of THE CITIZEN.]

Notes of Travel in the Southwest.

SOUTH OF RATON MTS.

NEW MEXICO, June 28.

The eastern third of Kansas—perhaps a little more than a third—is valuable land for farming; but in the remaining portion of the State the rain is so uncertain that it is not safe to settle there.

Some Kansans feel so strongly about the efforts the railroad companies are making to bring settlers into the central and western sections, that they insist on stopping the immigration by legal means.

Our ride through this region was much pleasanter than we anticipated, the ground being well watered by recent rains. Generally, the road is very dusty. We followed the old trail from Fort Leavenworth to Santa Fe; in many places it ran for miles alongside the track, and emigrant wagons were now and then passed by our train. At Hutchinson, we came upon the Arkansas River and kept along its left bank for 200 miles, then crossed it a few miles beyond the State line, and went up its right bank 85 miles to La Junta. Here the road forks, one line running up to Denver, and the other, which we follow, going into New Mexico at El Paso.

There is nothing attractive about the Arkansas River in its course through this State; it reminds one of the Hackensack, in the meanders between Newark and New York.

Last night we went to sleep on the plains; at half past four this morning we awoke in Colorado, among the Rocky Mountains. Our berth was in the last car of the train; on stepping to the rear, we found an engine smoking, puffing, and pushing us up the heights. We soon entered a tunnel which shut us out from day and from Colorado; for on emerging, we were in New Mexico. The rear engine left us; we had passed the highest point on the road.

The table-land widens; through an opening on the north we see the Spanish Peaks, forty miles away, capped with snow, and glittering in the morning sun. Towards the south, Mount Fisher, smaller, but nearer, is almost as grand. The road, for several miles, runs through a lava bed; about two miles to our right is the crater of an extinct volcano. It seems but a few hundred feet away. Something in the atmosphere, or our being unaccustomed to see such immense masses, makes it difficult to judge of distances. We always think the mountains much nearer than they really are. As we continue to descend, the Rockies, on the right, stand out clearer and grander. On our left appears the great cattle range of the Southwest, stretching hundreds of miles away into Indian Territory.

Among the objects along our route, which have been new to our Eastern eyes, are adobe houses, Mexican women, antelope, and prairie dogs.
June 29.—We are just passing a telegraph pole, on which are the figures 293, meaning 293 miles west from Albuquerque. This part of Arizona is a real desert at this season. Whatever two or three wet months may do for it, during nine months it is without rain—a hot, parched tract and land, except near springs and streams of water, which are few.

It is now noon, precisely. In about two hours we expect to be at Flagstaff, and to meet the other members of our party.

C. M. D.

Alphonse Karr on the Death Penalty.

[TRANSLATED FOR THE CITIZEN.]

Alphonse Karr was thought by some to have done with the question of the death penalty when he said: "I am perfectly willing to see the death penalty abolished, but messieurs the murderers must be the first to begin." In a new book, "Les points sur les i," he presents other arguments no less convincing, viz: Among the absurdities repeated *ad nauseam* against the death penalty, I notice two principal ones:

First Nonsense.—A fellow takes a self-sufficient air, and says: "I am not going to kill, otherwise I do just what the criminal does." Then he turns around with satisfaction and triumph.
On the contrary, society has the right; it is its duty to kill him that kills. Has not the man attacked by a murderer the right to defend himself, and if necessary to kill the one who tries to kill him?
It is this right of self-defense that the individual transfers and delegates to society, and he transfers it divested of the arbitrariness which passion, fear, or anger might add to its enforcement. The individual may think himself in danger more or sooner than he really is.

But if society neglects the right which protects its members through the terror it strikes; if society fails to protect its members against murder, it gives back to the individual the authority which was delegated; each one assumes again the right of self-defense, and vendetta, lynch law, revolvers, and tomahawks are the necessary consequence.

Second Nonsense.—A fellow takes an air no less self-sufficient, and says: "The death penalty does not prevent murder," and he turns around with the same look of triumph and satisfaction.
I beg your pardon; the penalty prevents the other murders which the unsuppressed murderer would commit, and it would be an easy matter to give many instances of the truth of this.

But how do you know that the death penalty prevents no murder? Is it because the number of murders, instead of diminishing, keeps increasing?

Allow me to turn the argument and to add to it, for the death penalty is in a great measure abolished. No

crime, however hideous, renders its application certain.

Is not the increasing number of murders clearly attributable to the *quasi* abolition of the death penalty, which barely strikes three murderers out of ten?

Besides, has any ruffian ever come to tell you: "My good monsieur, I have a great mind to kill an old woman who lives on the same floor and to rob her, but, faith, I was afraid of the gallows, and did not do it?"

But let us go farther. "The death penalty," you say, "is inefficient; let us suppress it."

What will you do with the murderers? We send them to State prison."

But have State prisons prevented murders? "No."

Then we must also suppress State prisons and the county jails. Society has no more right to imprison than it has to kill. If the greater penalty, death, is abolished, which is a stereotyped part of the regulation of speech against the death penalty, death is not the greater penalty; hard labor for life is worse.

Indeed, and how many murderers have you seen, who, having obtained the benefit of extenuating circumstances, and therefore hard labor for life, demand death, and try to have their sentences reversed?

If the greater penalty is inefficient, no one can depend on a lesser one.
Your argument—if it was an argument—would only hold good against the suppression of cruel punishments and torture, in case some one, which God forbid! should try to re-establish them.

Deacon Hayward's Speech.

Such a funny time as Deacon Hayward had at one of our Sunday school concerts! It was a pleasant, genial man, a great favorite with the children, to look upon him for a speech. With a large class after church in the morning, another in the mission chapel, then perhaps a meeting in the depot for those who wouldn't attend any regular service, his Sundays were all filled, and an hour of rest was considered a luxury.

The Sunday evening there was to be a concert in the auditorium. The children were to sing "Hold the Fort," and some speeches were expected. Deacon Hayward came home from the mission school, and, after thinking over what he wanted to say to the little folks, lay down on the sofa for an hour's rest before the meeting.

Mamie and Bobby, his two little children, immediately offered to brush his hair and help him to go to sleep. "You know, papa," said Mamie, "you ought to look very nice to-night, and mamma says you don't always brush your locks carefully enough."

"Very well, go ahead children," said papa, laughing. "But look out that I don't rest too long."

As he was very tired, it was not more than five minutes after they began their brushing and smoothing before he was sound asleep. But the children kept at their work, only stopping now and then to discuss a point.

"I wonder why men don't wear ribbons," said Mamie. "Blue would be becoming to papa's hair."

"Couldn't he wear a bow on top of his head, as you do?" asked Bobby.

Mamie looked at her father critically. "It might look well; but then papa's ways in such a hurry, it would be hanging down behind. But, Bobby, we might braid his hair and tie on a ribbon."

"Let's try it," said Bobby, eagerly. "You braid that side, and I will this."

There the Matilda Angelina's ribbons! She don't get up Sundays; I'll borrow hers.

And Mamie rushed up stairs to her play house and brought down two—a blue and a red.

Now, Deacon Hayward's hair was straight, and at this time, rather long. Mamie and Bobby made a braid a little behind each ear, about as large as a good sized lead pencil, tying it at the ends with their ribbons.

Deacon Hayward slept on until the sound of the church bell awoke him. Hastily starting up he looked at his watch and saw it was getting late. Never given to consulting his mirror, for he said once that he only wanted to see his face long enough to tell if he was clean, he passed his hand over his hair in front of his coat a brush, and putting on his hat, started out. In the church he joined the speakers, who were in the side seats near the organ.

As he sat back, no one noticed him, except to give him a friendly nod; and not until the first hymn was sung and the call given for the opening address, did he look in the glass.

The result was a little startling. The full blaze of light, and there were two little braids, each tied with a good sized bow of ribbon.

"Dear children," began the deacon. But what was the matter? What ailed the children? Those in the front row laughed first. Some of the little fellows put their hands on their mouths, and the little girls went off into such a giggling that the deacon was fairly frightened.

And the smiles spread, until to his astonished eyes the whole audience seemed to wear the same mischievous look. Only there were two little pale faces in the crowd, and those belonged to Mamie and Bobby. They, too, had seen, and were looking helplessly at each other.

Fortunately, he had a habit of twisting his hair around his fingers when he grew nervous. And now, at this crisis, as he put up his hand he felt the braid. Quick as a flash—so he told afterward—it came to him what had happened, and he stepped back. There were the minister and the committee in convulsions of laughter, though they were all trying hard to control themselves.

"Creation!" exclaimed the deacon—and that was the way we knew what such a good man would say when he was excited—"put the children to singing again. Start them on 'Hold the Fort,' and then those ribbons came off with a jerk."

The pastor had the congregation stand up and sing all the verses. He knew they must have a chance to do something. Then Deacon Hayward came forward again with his hair all right (perhaps he found the looking-glass in one of the church parlors) and made a fine speech. In fact, he never talked better in his life. But the story went round and every school-pleaser.

enjoyed it. And after a while I really think the deacon did himself.—*Harriet Rea, in Christian Register.*

Heights above Sea Level.

The following figures of the elevations above sea level of various points in this section of New Jersey will be of interest:

	ft.		ft.
Newark (Broad Street).....	35	Schooley's Mountain.....	866
Roseville.....	144	Bloomfield.....	127
Orange.....	187	Montclair.....	289
South Orange.....	193	do. Heights.....	299
Southwood.....	193	Eagle Rock.....	628
Millburn.....	151	St. Cloud.....	384
do. observatory.....	514	Paterson.....	190
Summit.....	388	Boonton.....	414
Stanley.....	240	do. Hill.....	443
Chatham.....	234	New Providence.....	251
Madison.....	248	Berkeley.....	228
Convent.....	382	Baskingridge.....	377
Morrisstown de.....	328	Bernardsville.....	370
do. Park.....	371	Peapack.....	245
Morris Plains.....	405	Faldwell.....	251
Denville.....	523	Chester.....	851
Mount Tabor.....	578	Flanders.....	683
Rockaway.....	558	Newton.....	646
Dover.....	576	Hopatcong.....	925
Drakeville.....	798	Macopin.....	893
Stanhope.....	873	Great Notch.....	803
Wanaque.....	717	Montville.....	811
Hackettstown.....	589	Andover.....	635
		Greenwood Lake.....	665
		Millington.....	277

The Little Woman Ahead.

It took the ladies of the Michigan Woman's Christian Temperance Union a little while to get acquainted, but when the acquaintance was once formed it ripened fast.

"How do you give your name?" asked one lady of another, as they removed their wraps at the door one morning.

"I have usually written it Mrs. James P. Jones."

"Did your mother name you 'James P.'?" inquired the first speaker, with considerable emphasis. "I will never call myself by my husband's name."

"Nor I," nor I," nor I," came from a number of bystanders.

The little woman appeared surprised to find herself so largely in the minority. But she finally found breath and courage to say:

"Well, I suppose it does make a difference what kind of a man the husband is."

And then the president rung to order, the knot of ladies dispersed, and there was a sort of a look upon their faces as if the little woman had come out ahead.—*Adrian Times.*

Wanted to Hear the Music.

A short time ago, at an evening party where the elite of New Haven were gathered, an unexpected little incident occurred which furnished the pleasantest part of the entertainment. The "small folk" of the house, aged several years and five years, had been put to bed at the usual hour without a whisper having reached them of the coming fete. When the festivities were brightest and the enthusiasm of the musicians had drawn forth the most inspiring tones from their instruments, the sounds reached the sleeping children, wakening them soon to consciousness of something unusual going on in the house.

The elder began to speculate over the matter, and found a ready sympathizer in his tiny companion.

"Harry, does he hear de moosie?" "Es, why don't dey turn 'n' tate us to see it?"

"I don't know. I dess dey's ferdot all 'bout us, Harry. Let's go down 'n' find de moosie."

Soon after a couple of white-robed figures stole from the room and down the stairs into the brilliantly lighted hall. Thence, hand in hand, their chubby bare feet peeping from beneath their night-dresses, they advanced into the parlors to the astonishment of the dancers, who gazed with delight upon the tiny pleasure seekers.

"Harry, I don't see papa nor mamma, nowhere, does oo?"

Suddenly a brilliant smile illuminated the face of the smaller one, and with a spring he was in his mother's arms.

At that instant he recognized the "boo-fal lady" in evening dress as their "own mamma." Many were the caresses lavished upon the wanderers; and this time they went "scot free" of all chiding. But the good-night question for a long time was: "Mamma, does oo have anuzzer party to-night?"

The American Trotter.

In *Science*, W. H. Pickering, carrying out a suggestion made by Prof. Brewer, of Yale, constructed the curve of the progress of the trotting horse in America, and finds that it will cross the mile-in-two-minutes line about the year 1901. He also deduces, from statistics prepared by the same authority, the conclusion that at the date mentioned there will be not far from 10,000 horses in this country which can trot a mile in 2:30 or better.

Getting up a Shine.

The late Rev. James O. Barney, who for more than forty years ministered to the church in Seekonk, now East Providence, was in early life addicted to the use of tobacco to such a degree that he came near losing his life from a cancerous affection induced by its excessive use. Having happily recovered from his malady, and forever abandoned its use, he often took occasion to speak to those who came in his way on the subject.

On one occasion, as he was standing on the street enjoying the services of a young and very intelligent bootblack, and noticing that he used the weed, asked him what he used it for. Looking up at once with perfect sang-froid, he replied, "Because it is necessary to the practice of my profession, sir." He was much pleased with the answer, and obtained a new idea of the value of tobacco spittle in getting up a shine.

This is the season when the saloon keeper scatters a pound of sawdust and a few old cigar stubs in his back yard and calls it a beer park.

One Notion of Meanness.

The idea of meanness which some people have was illustrated in lively manner the other day, among the little people.

Scene—Older brother, at full length on the lounge.

Little sister: "You're a mean boy." Paterfamilias: "Don't say that, little girl; he isn't mean."

Little sister: "Yes, he is! He comes here every morning after breakfast, and sits in the lounge, when every morning he lies there myself."

BUSINESS NOTICES.

AN EXCURSION is advertised in another column to Greenwood Lake, on Thursday, July 26th. The train will leave Bloomfield at 9 A. M. Returning, leave Warwick Woodlands at 6 P. M., which will allow the excursionists 7 hours at the Lake. The music for dancing will be supplied by Prof. Voss's string band.

FOR FINE mosquito canopies, screens, etc., go to Gage & Tienkin's, 27 Barclay St., New York.

NEWARK SAVINGS INSTITUTION, 800, 802, 804 Broad Street, Corner Mechanic St., NEWARK, N. J., June 23, 1883.

INTEREST. An interest dividend on New Deposits for the past six months, at the rate of Three and one-half per cent. per annum, will be paid on and after July 24th, or if not drawn will receive interest as principal from July 1.

Deposits made on or before July 2, draw interest from July 1.

A Dividend on OLD ACCOUNTS of Five Per Cent. upon balance due on Dec. 12, 1877, by direction of the Chancellor, will be paid on and after August 6, 1883, making 95 per cent. paid on old accounts, and leaving ample assets for the payment of the remaining 5 per cent. at as early a date as possible. Transfers of this payment to new accounts made before Sept. 1, draw interest from Aug. 1.

DANIEL DODD, Pres't. A. BISHOP BALDWIN, Vice-Pres't. W. D. CARTER, Treas.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.

The Mails will Close and Arrive at the Post Office in Bloomfield as follows:

By way of Newark & Bloomfield Railroad. Close at 7 A. M. and 8:20 P. M. Arrive at 8:30 A. M. and 5:30 P. M.

By way of New York & Greenwood Lake Railroad. Close at 8:15 A. M. and 5:00 P. M. Arrive at 9:45 A. M. and 5:30 P. M.

HORACE DODD, Postmaster. Bloomfield, N. J., Feb. 12, 1883.

TIME TABLES.

Carefully corrected up to date.

DEL. LACK & WESTERN RAILROAD, Barclay and Christopher Street Ferries.

TO NEW YORK. Leave Montclair—6:08, 7:15, 7:55, 8:47, 9:52, 11:00 a.m. 12:50, 1:40, 2:40, 3:40, 4:40, 5:40, 6:40, 7:40, 8:40, 9:40, 10:40, 11:40 p.m.

Leave Bloomfield—6:08, 7:19, 7:59, 8:51, 9:57, 11:05 a.m. 12:56, 1:45, 2:45, 3:45, 4:45, 5:45, 6:45, 7:45, 8:45, 9:45, 10:45, 11:45 p.m.

Arrive Newark—6:23, 7:30, 8:10, 9:05, 10:08, 11:18 a.m. 1:05, 1:55, 2:55, 3:55, 4:55, 5:55, 6:55, 7:55, 8:55, 9:55, 10:55, 11:55 p.m.

Arrive New York—6:50, 8:00, 8:40, 9:40, 10:40, 11:50 a.m. 1:40, 2:50, 3:50, 4:50, 5:50, 6:50, 7:50, 8:50, 9:50, 10:50, 11:50 p.m.

FROM NEW YORK. Leave New York—6:30, 7:20, 8:20, 9:20, 10:20, 11:20 a.m. 12:10, 1:10, 2:10, 3:10, 4:10, 5:10, 6:10, 7:10, 8:10, 9:10, 10:10, 11:10 p.m.

Leave Newark—6:40, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30 a.m. 1:20, 2:20, 3:20, 4:20, 5:20, 6:20, 7:20, 8:20, 9:20, 10:20, 11:20 p.m.

Arrive Montclair—6:50, 7:38, 8:38, 9:38, 10:38, 11:38 a.m. 1:28, 2:28, 3:28, 4:28, 5:28, 6:28, 7:28, 8:28, 9:28, 10:28, 11:28 p.m.

May 14, 1883.

NEW YORK AND GREENWOOD LAKE R.R. Chambers and 2nd Street Ferries, New York.

TO NEW YORK. Leave Upper Montclair—6:28, 6:57, 7:49, 8:48, 10:47 a.m. 1:29, 2:45, 5:16, 6:50, 9:58 p.m.

Leave Montclair—5:38, 7:02, 7:55, 8:53, 10:52 a.m. 1:34, 2:50, 5:26, 6:55, 10:03 p.m.

Leave Bloomfield—5:38, 7:06, 7:59, 8:57, 10:56 a.m. 1:34, 2:51, 5:29, 6:58, 10:08 p.m.

Arrive New York—6:25, 7:50, 8:40, 9:40, 11:40 a.m. 1:25, 2:40, 5:45, 7:05, 10:05 p.m.

Trains marked * will run Saturday nights only. Sunday trains from Montclair at 8:04 a.m. and 8:00 p.m.

FROM NEW YORK. Leave New York—6:00, 8